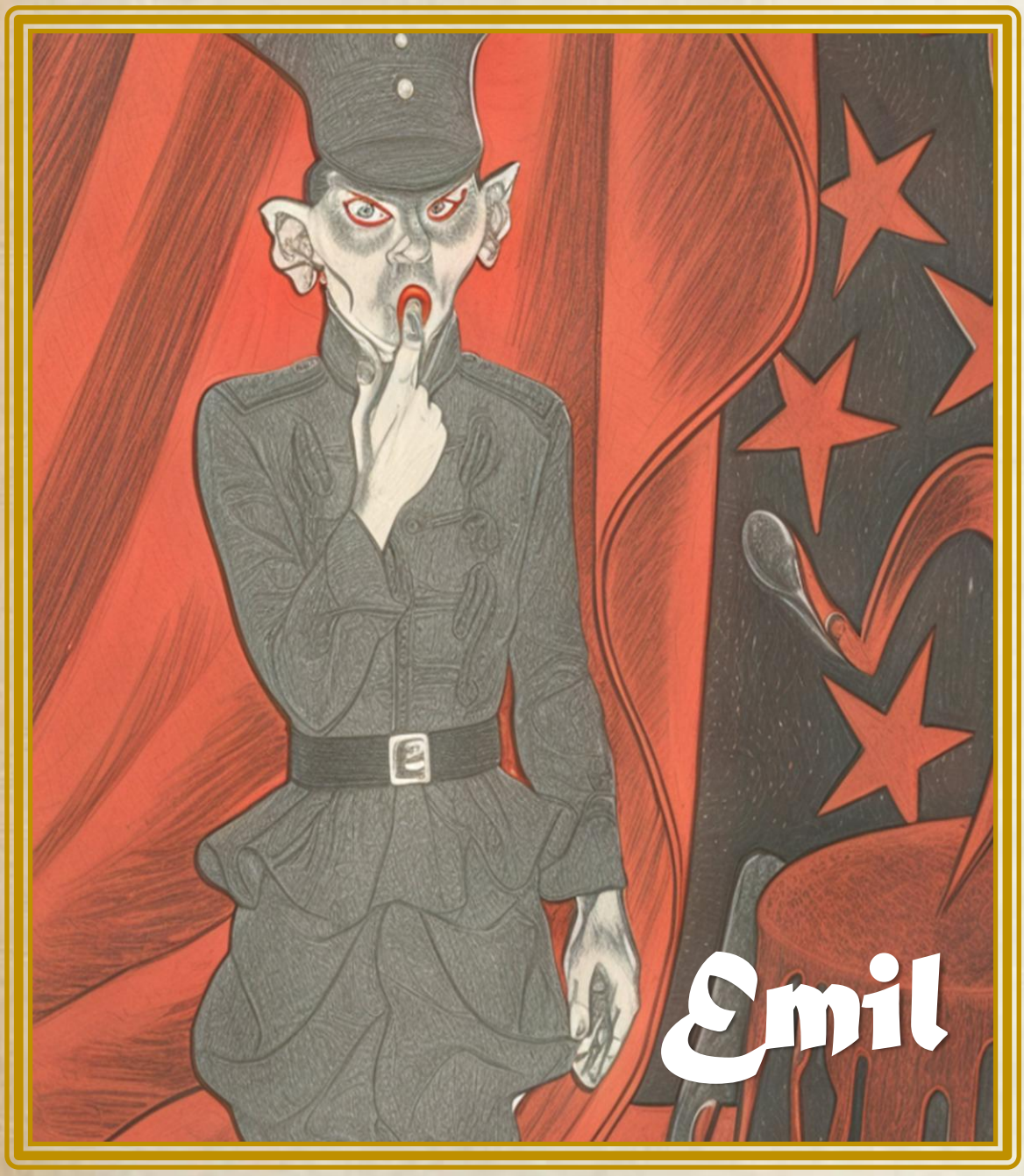
In the Land of the Dancing Dead



GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY
WWWG PRODUCTIONS LTD. SINGAPORE - 2025



In the Land of the Dancing Dead

I made my way to the central plaza park of the town, where I found a weathered bench and took a seat beside an elderly gentleman, a man whose life had been shaped by the trials of a bygone era.

After exchanging a brief nod of acknowledgment, we struck up a conversation that revealed the depth of his experiences.

He recounted his arrival in this place during the early months of 1943, a time when he believed the German Youth Crusade, as he



referred to it, was crumbling. With a palpable sense of dread, he shared his fears about the impending arrival of a vengeful Russian Army, which he anticipated would soon descend upon his East Prussian farm estate. His words painted a vivid picture of a man caught in the throes of history, grappling with the uncertainty of a world on the brink of chaos, and it was clear that the shadows of those hard times still lingered in his memory. As he reminisced about the past, he acknowledged the harsh names his neighbors had hurled at him while he loaded his family



into multiple wagons for their journey westward.

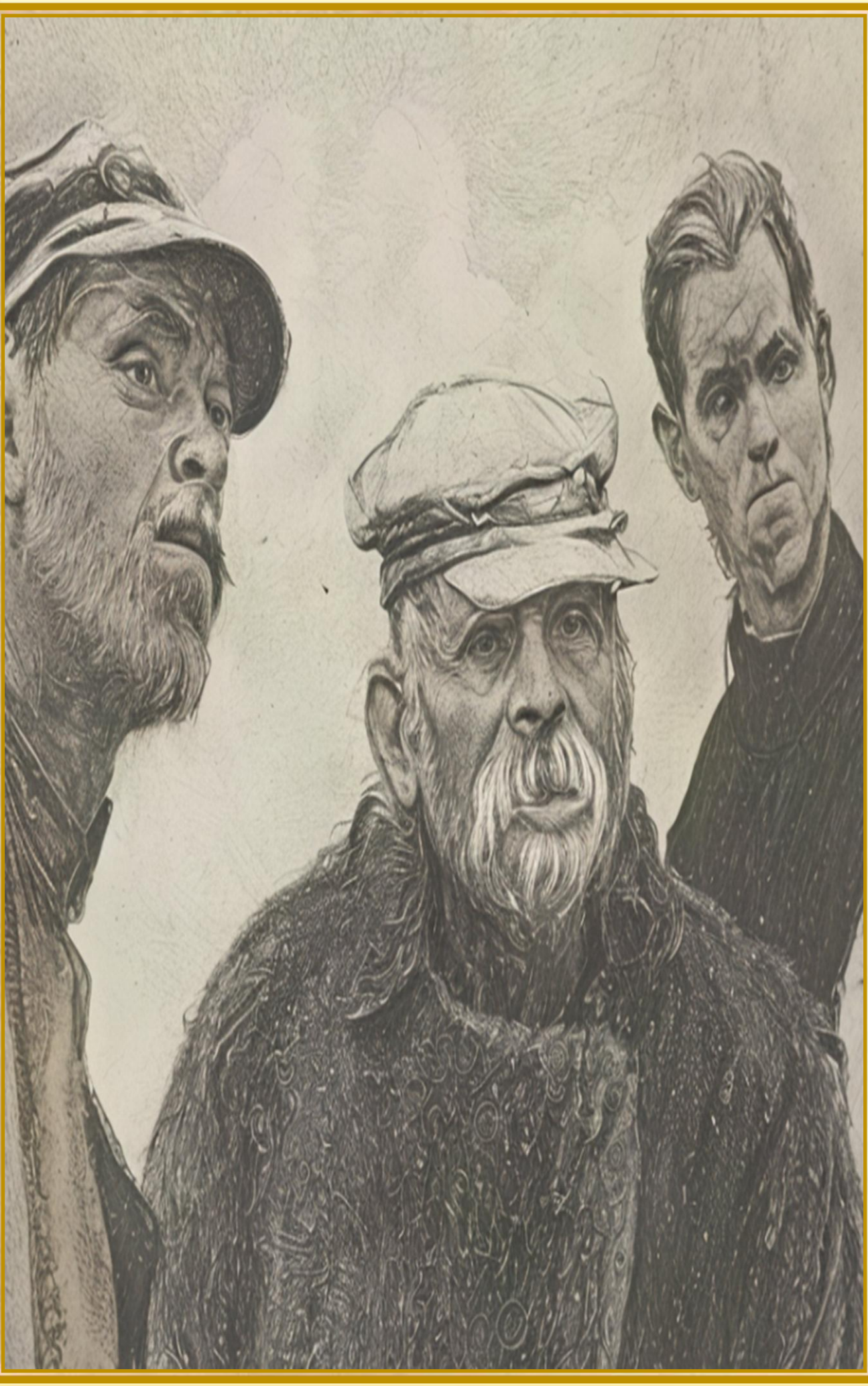
A hint of amusement flickered across his face as he took a moment to observe the ebb and flow of people and the passage of time in the park around us. With a wry smile, he turned to me and posed a thought-provoking question:

“I wonder who is laughing now?”

This reflection not only highlighted the resilience he had shown in the face of adversity but also served as a reminder of how perspectives can shift over time, leaving us to ponder the true nature of success and the



judgments of others.
I let out a small shrug, recalling the last time I found myself in a pointless argument with a random elderly man who had the advantage of familiarity with the surroundings.
Instead of engaging in a dispute, I chose to let him continue speaking, recognizing that sometimes, the act of listening can be more powerful than voicing dissent.
As we conversed, I sensed that he appreciated my willingness to hear him out, and our dialogue unfolded for what felt like an hour. It was a moment that



transcended mere words; it became a shared experience where respect and understanding bridged the gap between our generations.

In that time, I learned not only about his perspective but also about the value of patience and the importance of connection, even with those who might initially seem like adversaries.

I asked him how he perceived the war that seemed to shadow his journey to the west.

In response, he merely shrugged, a gesture that revealed his discomfort as he struggled to articulate his thoughts on the



state of the world.
It was disheartening to learn that the townspeople would gather each night on the hotel's top floor, their eyes fixed on the distant horizon where the Great City, Berlin, was engulfed in flames and chaos.
Yet, despite the devastation unfolding before them, his only remark was one of indifference, stating that he felt no concern. This stark contrast between the collective anxiety of the townspeople and his apparent apathy left a lingering question about the human capacity to engage with suffering, especially



when it feels so far removed from one's immediate reality.

I found myself questioning how he could remain indifferent to what I perceived as the impending collapse of everything he had ever known.

His response was accompanied by a knowing smirk, reminiscent of the playful banter common in the neighborhoods of Chicago's eastside.

With a tone that blended wisdom and paternal warmth, he shared a lesson imparted to him by his father during his own youth: "Young man, throughout my seventy-plus years, I have



embraced the belief that worrying over things beyond my control is a futile exercise that only drains my energy and peace of mind.

The reality is that whatever is destined to happen will unfold regardless of my anxieties.

It is the dreamers, those who lament how the world ought to be, who squander their time.

In contrast, the astute individual observes the circumstances around him and seeks ways to leverage them to his advantage."

His words resonated deeply, challenging me to reconsider my own perspective on the chaos



surrounding us.

With a playful tone, I remarked on his eagerness to guide me through the intricate journey of life, teasingly inquiring,

“What insights have you gleaned from contemplating the 'end of the world'?”

This light-hearted question was not merely a jest; it was an invitation to explore the deeper implications of such a profound concept.

The notion of the end of the world often evokes a myriad of responses, ranging from existential dread to a renewed appreciation for the present



moment. By engaging in this dialogue, I aimed to uncover the wisdom he might have derived from such a weighty topic, encouraging a reflection on how the awareness of life's impermanence can shape our values, priorities, and ultimately, our understanding of what it means to truly live.

He appeared momentarily taken back by what he likely perceived as an affront—my blatant disregard or perhaps even disdain for the principles that had shaped his life.

Yet, his old-fashioned sense of decorum prevented him from

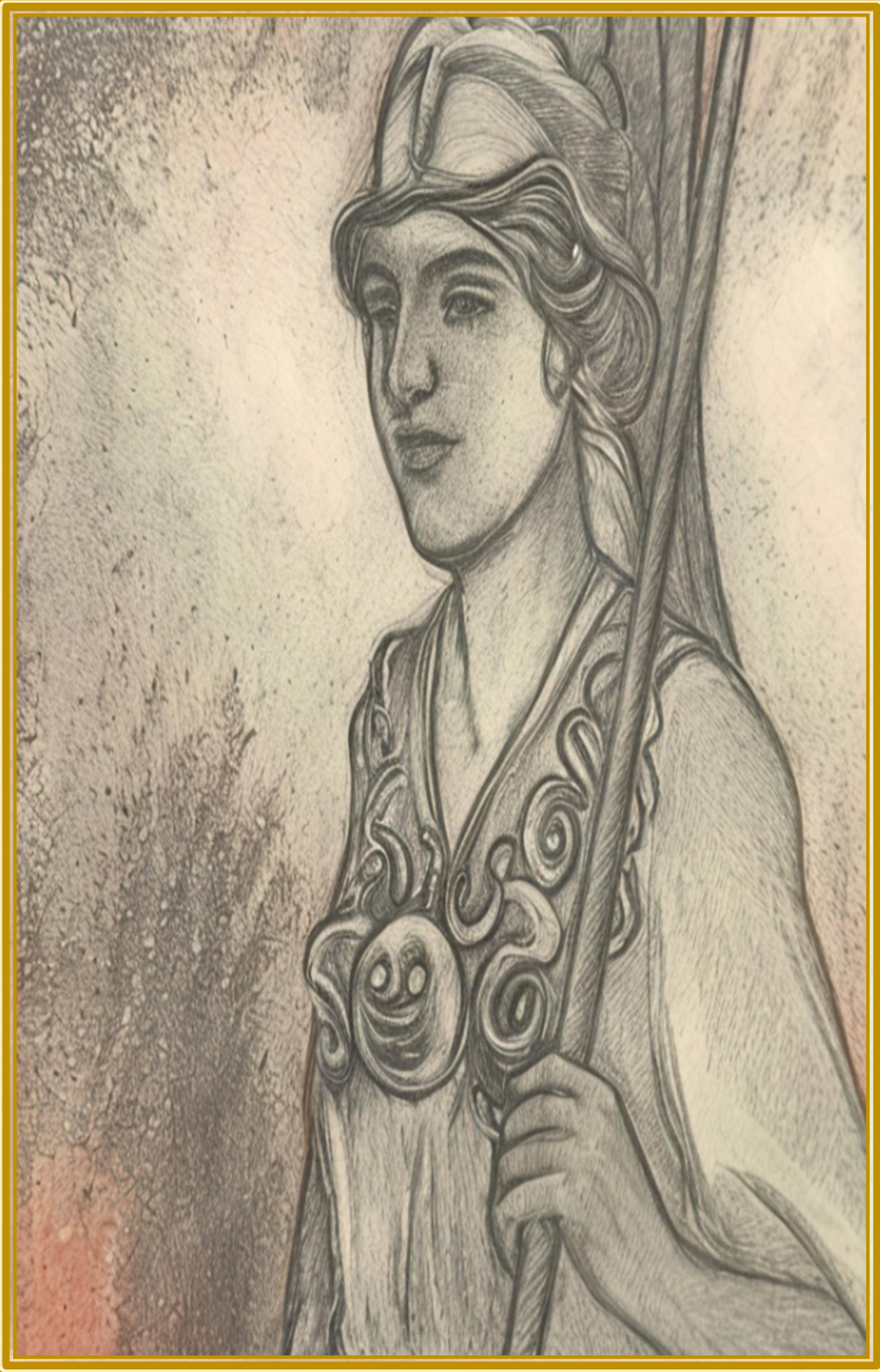


reacting with anger or resorting to the solid oak cane resting on his knee as a means of reprimand.

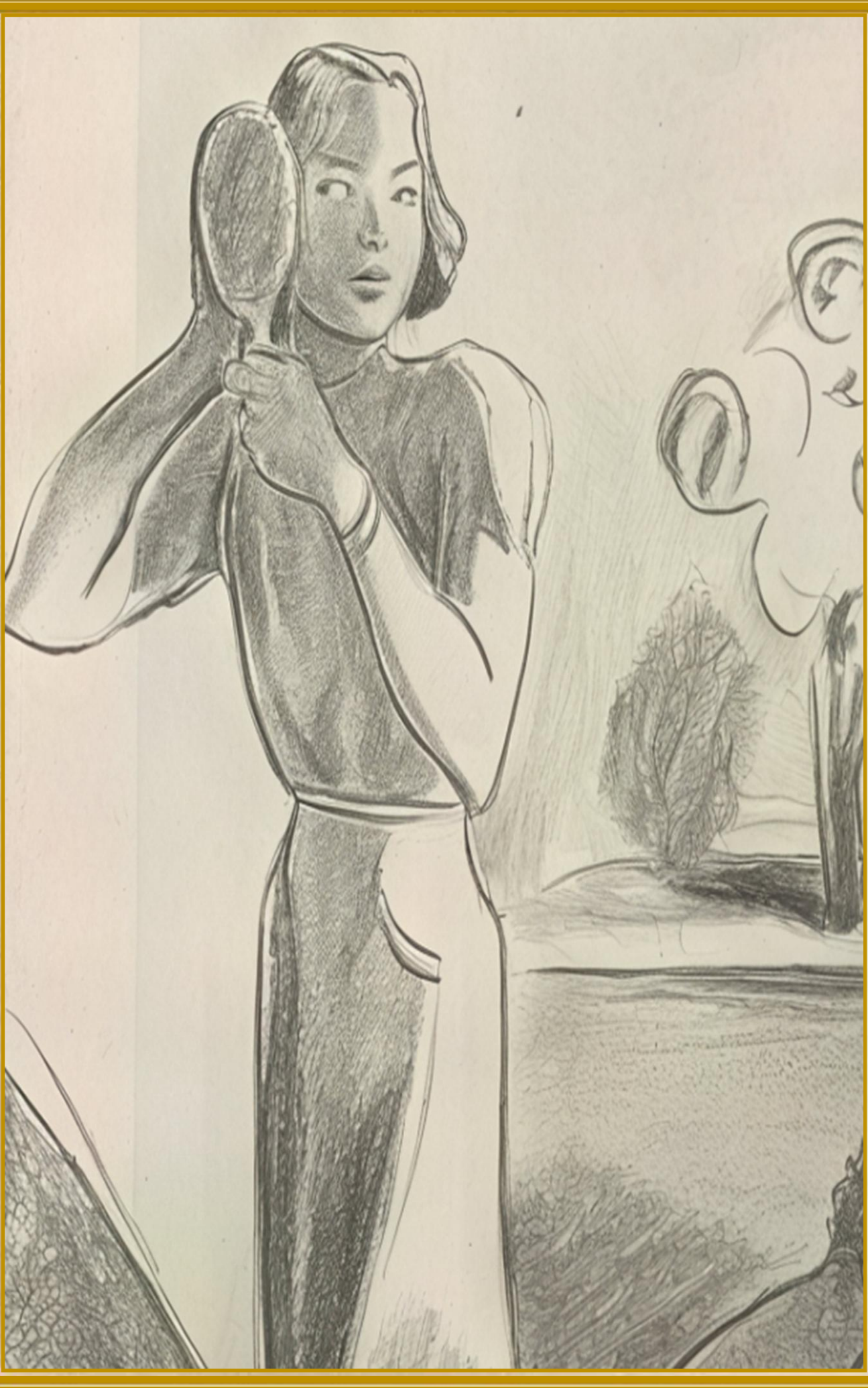
Instead, he chose to dismiss my remarks as the naive musings of a young man still grappling with the complexities of life.

His restraint spoke volumes about his character, revealing a wisdom that transcended mere words, as he recognized that my journey was only just beginning and that there was much for me to learn from the world around me.

As I strolled through the quaint business square of the town, it became evident that, for the

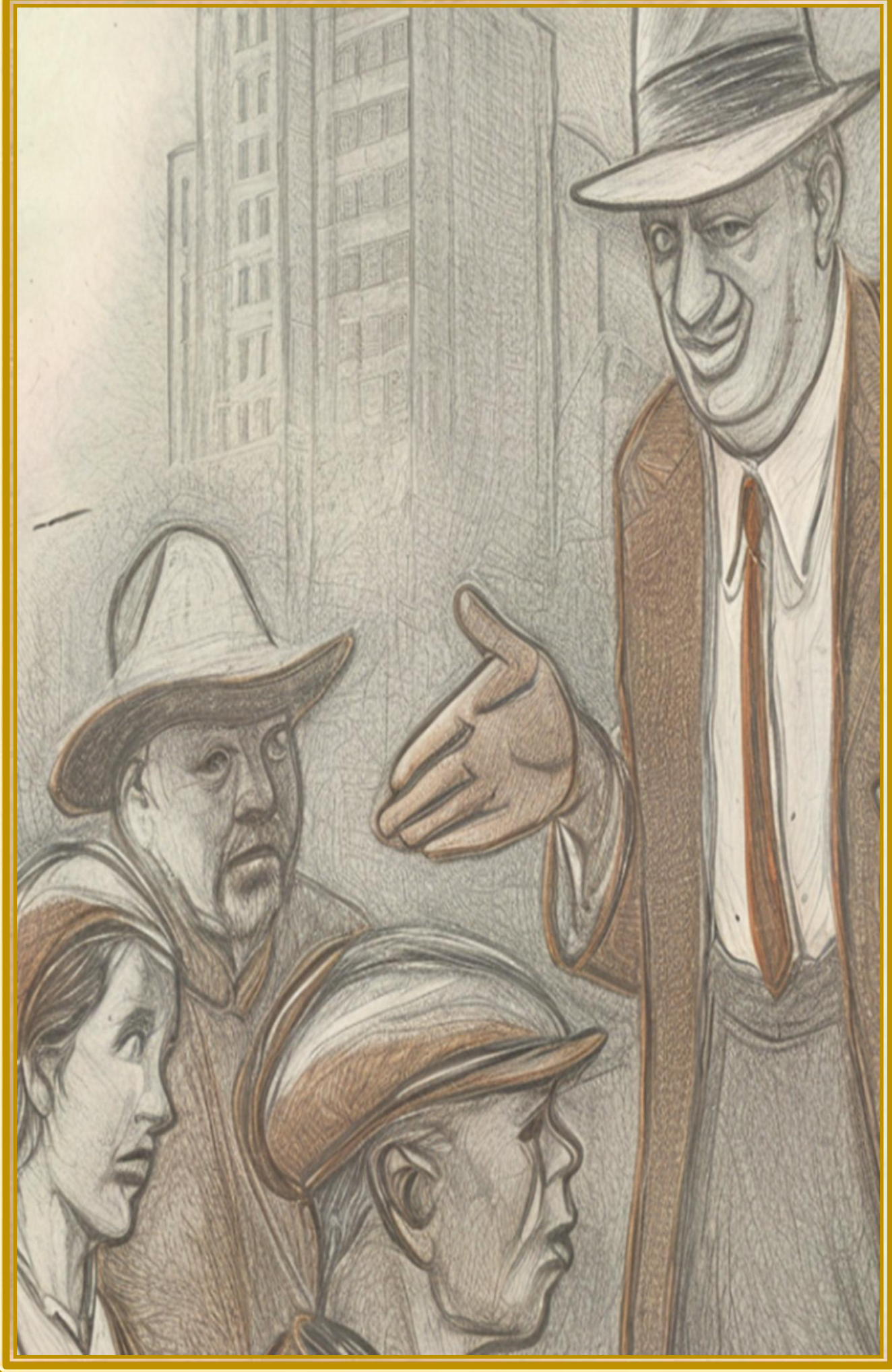


most part, the ravages of war had largely spared this community. The only visible sign of the ongoing conflict was the steady stream of wagon trains filled with refugees arriving at the outskirts. Miss Belinda, a long-time store owner, shared with me the town's history of tranquility, noting that it had remained largely untouched by the political turmoil and street violence that plagued the early 1930s. Prior to the influx of refugees, crime was virtually nonexistent. Initially, the townspeople responded with compassion, rallying to support those who had



endured unimaginable hardships. Local authorities set up several camps on the city's periphery to accommodate the newly displaced individuals. However, as the number of arrivals surged daily, these makeshift shelters quickly became overwhelmed, revealing the challenges of sustaining such a sudden and significant humanitarian effort.

As the influx of refugees began, they resorted to setting up tents and constructing makeshift shelters throughout the town, leading to a surge in petty crime, including thefts and even a



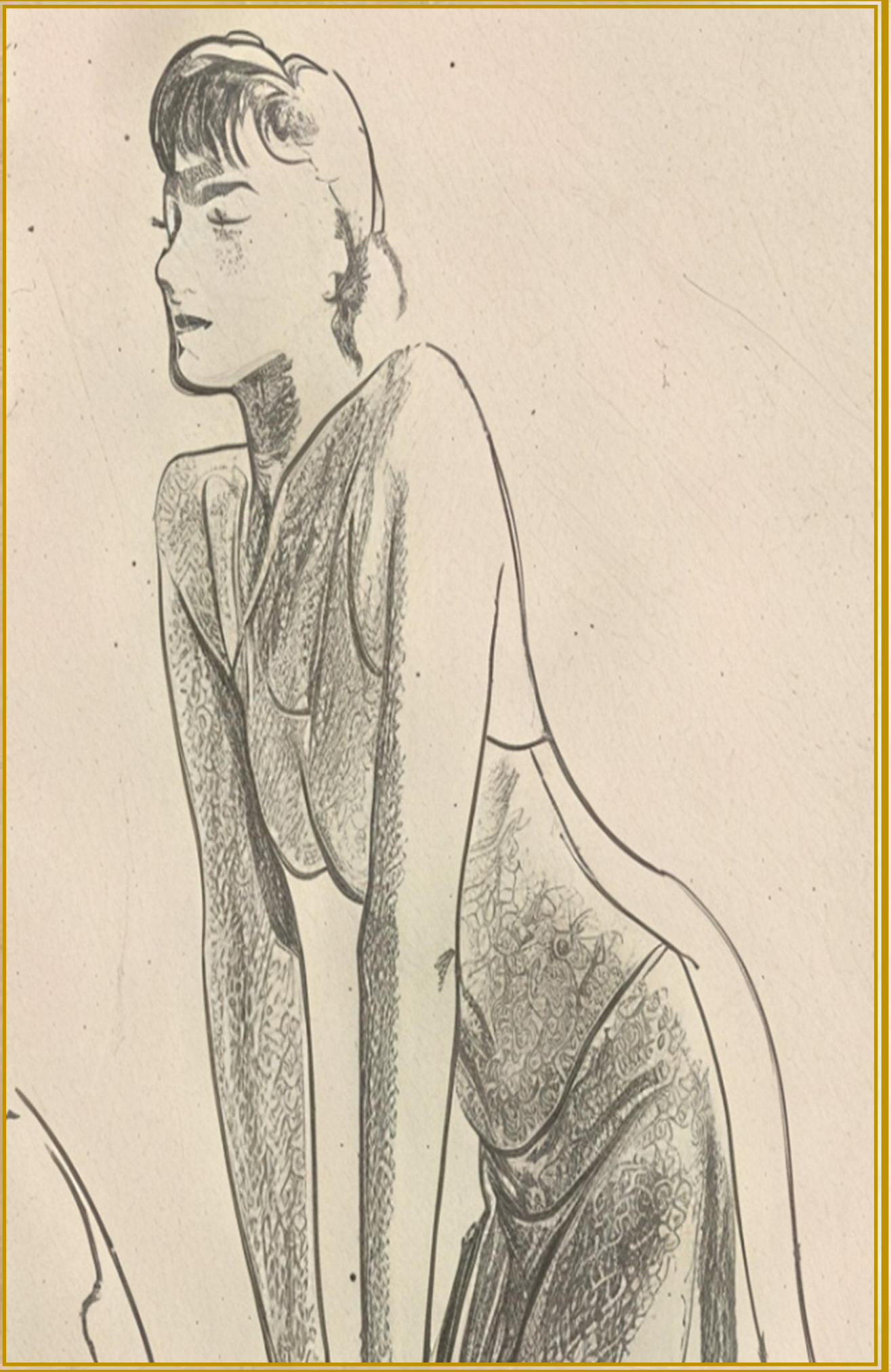
couple of murders.
The situation escalated to the point where the mayor and the police chief found themselves in desperate negotiations with the local Waffen SS Commander, urging him to restore some semblance of order.
According to her account, the SS Commander dispatched his troops to the town, where they gathered the refugees at the outskirts and informed them that they could not remain and needed to move on.
She concluded by noting that those who were wise enough chose to head westward in search



of safety, while the less prudent returned to the smoldering ruins of the Great City, clinging to a misguided belief that the government would offer them protection amid the chaos.

How does one navigate the profound upheaval that accompanies the collapse of a familiar world, particularly when that world has been a constant since childhood?

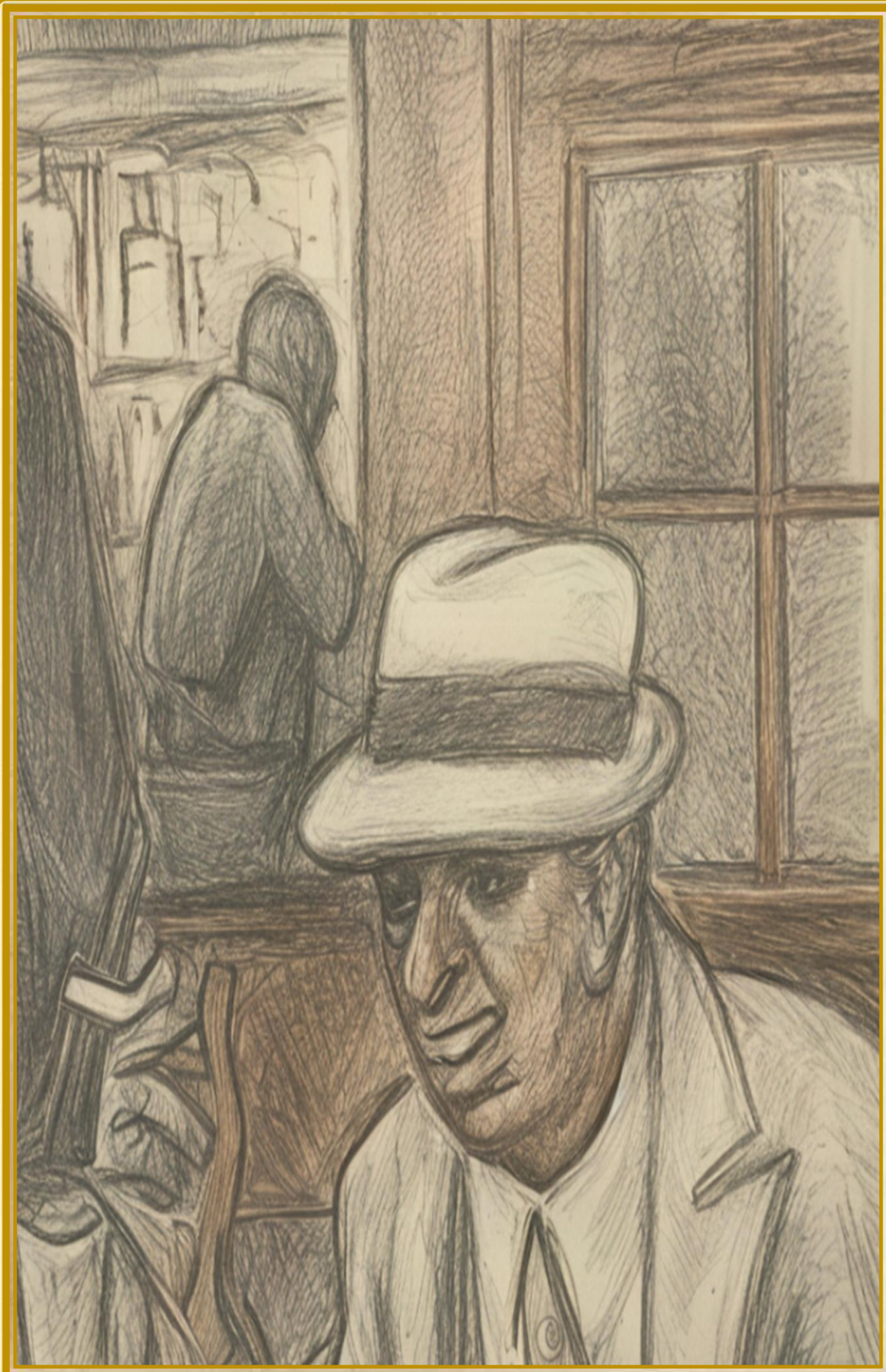
This question carries significant weight, especially for those who witnessed the twilight of the German Nation from the vantage point of a town on the periphery of the Great City.



In those final days, it became evident that many individuals of privilege chose to disengage from the harsh realities unfolding around them, opting instead to cling to the semblance of normalcy that characterized their lives in 1939.

They immersed themselves in routines and comforts, effectively tuning out the chaos and destruction that threatened to engulf their society.

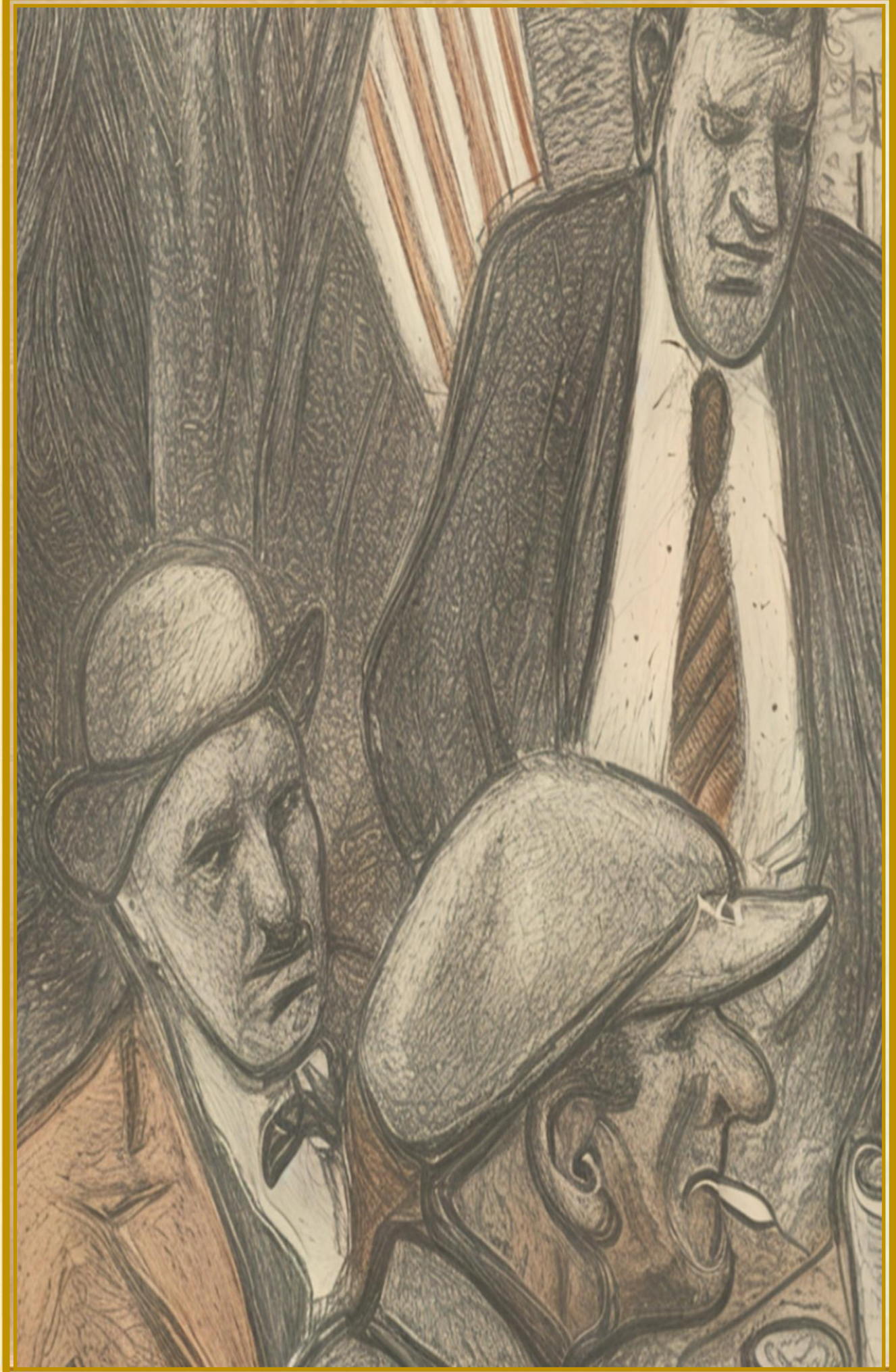
This denial was not merely a coping mechanism; it was a desperate attempt to preserve a way of life that was rapidly disintegrating.



The stark contrast between their insulated existence and the turmoil outside serves as a poignant reminder of the human tendency to resist change, even in the face of undeniable catastrophe.

The mail service continued its operations even as the ominous sound of Russian tanks echoed through the streets of the beleaguered city, a testament to the resilience of its inhabitants who, despite the chaos surrounding them, diligently paid their monthly bills.

The government, aware of the precarious situation, sought to



maintain this fragile social order, hoping that by keeping the daily routines intact, the citizens would remain passive and refrain from rising against their leaders, who feared a violent backlash.

This narrative, however, would later be shaped by revisionist historians, who would largely echo the perspectives of the victors, such as Sir Winston Churchill, thereby simplifying the complex realities of wartime experiences.

Yet, the truth is far more nuanced, resting on the choices and actions of individuals navigating the turmoil of their



circumstances.
Each person's response to the crisis contributed to a broader tapestry of human experience, revealing that history is not merely a tale of victors and vanquished, but a mosaic of personal struggles and resilience in the face of despair.
his book serves as a compelling documentary collection of doodles that vividly capture the everyday experiences of ordinary citizens who, in the face of impending doom, steadfastly maintained their daily routines. Through a series of illustrations, the work delves into the



resilience and determination of individuals who, despite the chaos surrounding them, found solace and normalcy in their habitual activities.

Each doodle tells a story, reflecting the small yet significant ways in which people adapt to adversity, showcasing their unwavering spirit and the importance of community in navigating uncertain times.

This collection not only highlights the sights I witnessed but also invites readers to reflect on their own responses to challenges, emphasizing that even in the darkest moments, the human



spirit can shine through the mundane.

An elderly woman, seemingly random yet wise, tended to the hotel bar and shared her observations about human nature:

"People are curious creatures! They gravitate toward comfort, eagerly embracing uplifting news while conveniently ignoring the harsh realities unfolding in the east."

Her words resonated with the local populace, many of whom chose to overlook the impending devastation.

Instead, they clung to a fragile



hope that the Western Allies would soon recognize the grave error of their "Faust Bargain" with the encroaching communist forces.

This belief was rooted in the conviction that the Allies would ultimately unite with their brave soldiers currently engaged in battle in the east, thwarting the threat of a totalitarian regime that sought to engulf Europe and strip away the freedoms that had long been cherished.

The community's resilience was evident, as they held onto the dream of liberation from the oppressive grip of Communist



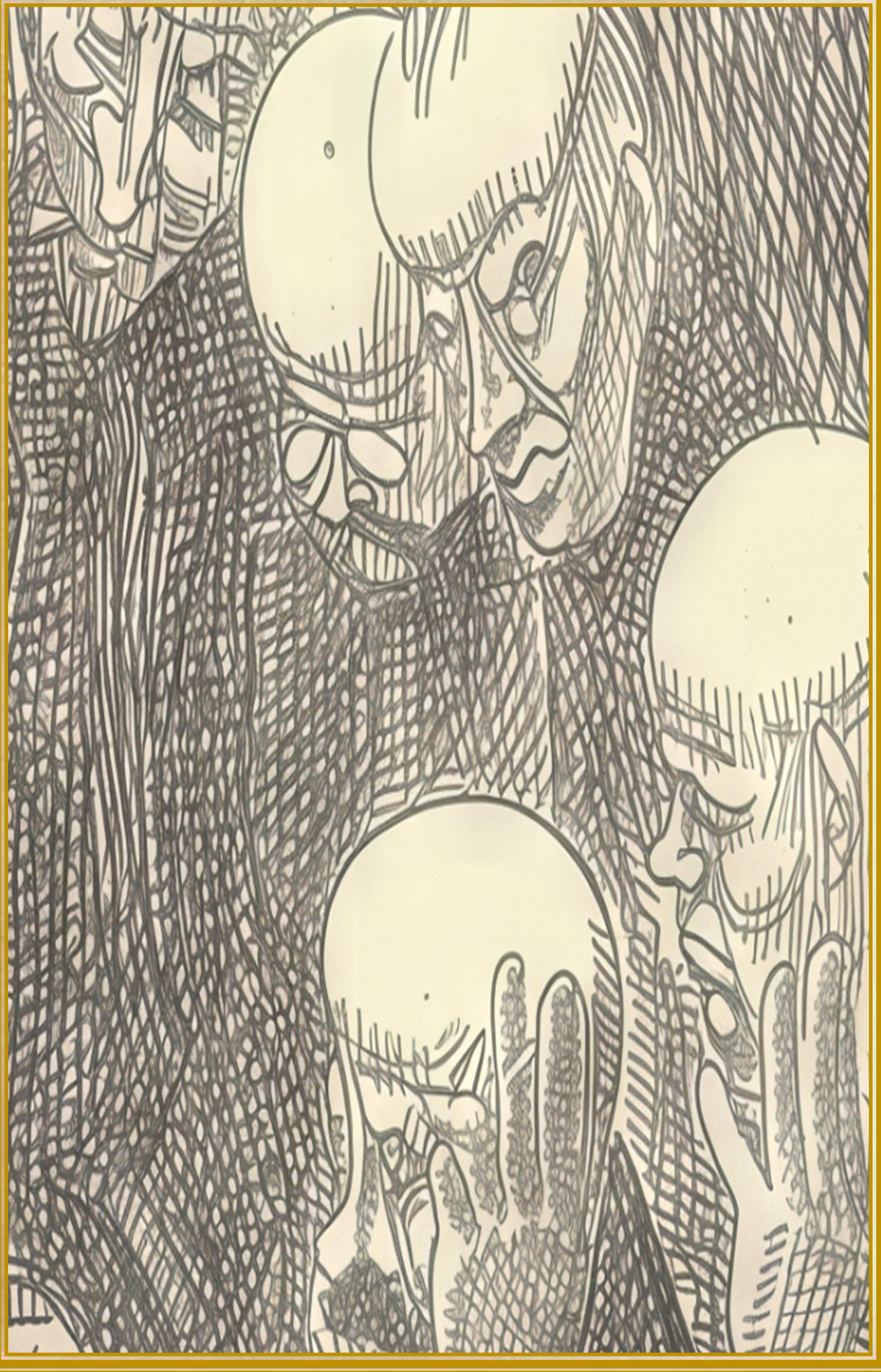
tyranny, even as the storm clouds of conflict loomed ever closer. A small but fervent group of individuals would passionately argue that the extraordinary weapons promised by Hitler were on the verge of being unveiled, much like the mythical artifacts found in ancient German folklore. They believed that these technological marvels would dramatically alter the course of the war, turning imminent defeat into resounding victory, even at the very brink of disaster. This narrative, steeped in a blend of hope and desperation, painted a picture of a last-minute



salvation that would echo the legendary tales of heroism and triumph against overwhelming odds.

Such convictions, though rooted in a desire for redemption, often overshadowed the grim realities of the situation, illustrating how the allure of myth can sometimes cloud judgment in the face of dire circumstances.

The perspective that emerged from a minority viewpoint, which we would later recognize in our education as somewhat delusional, parallels the embellished narratives spun by figures like Sir Winston Churchill.



As a child, I was captivated by a six-volume, illustrated collection of his accounts of the war, purchased from the Disneyland Bookstore.

However, the reality we are only beginning to uncover, nearly eighty years after the conflict, reveals that while Hitler's secret weapons did indeed exist, they arrived too late to alter the war's trajectory.

Moreover, the existence of German atomic bombs raises critical questions about their effectiveness; without a reliable delivery system capable of striking major American cities like

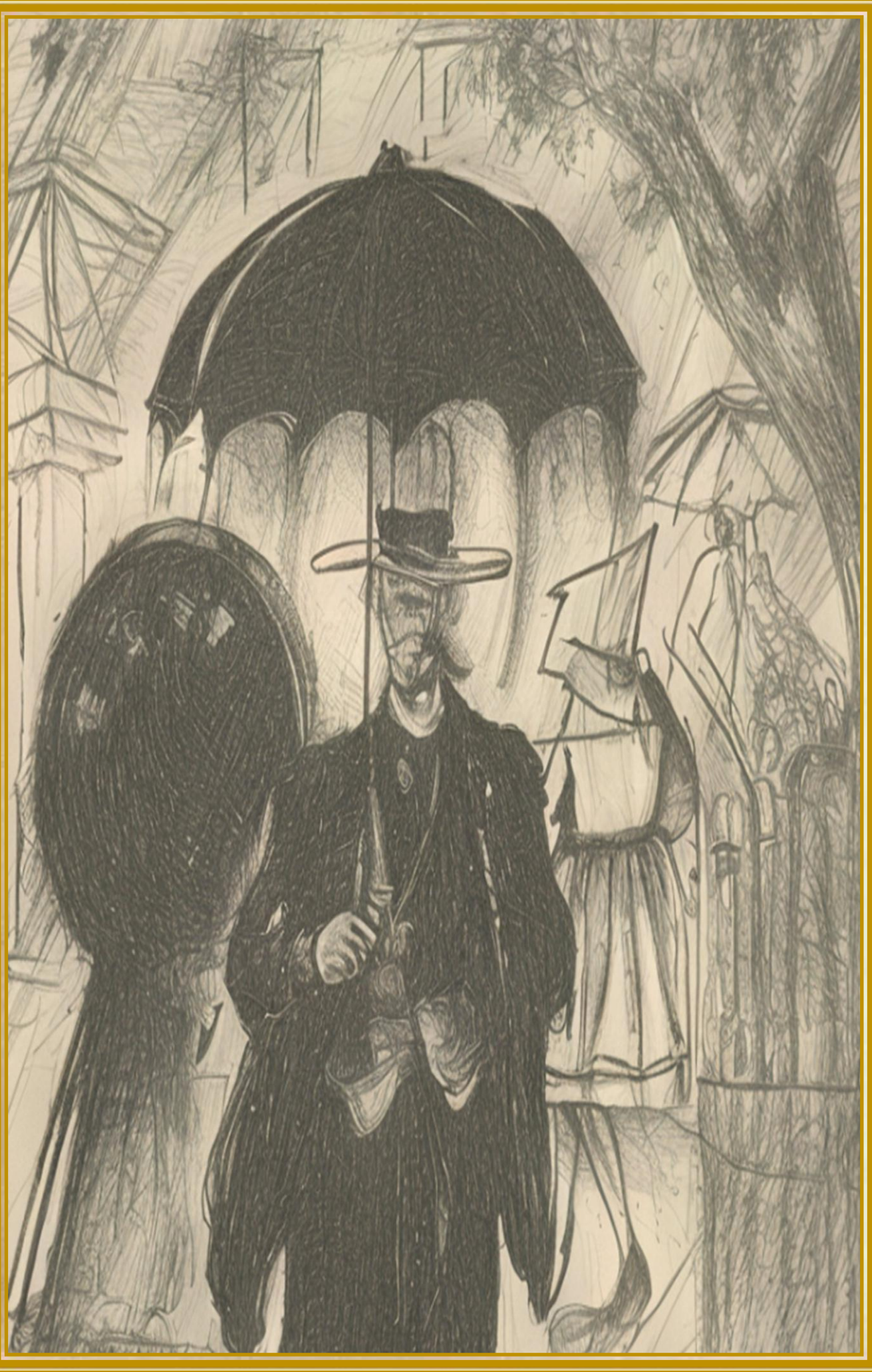


Washington or New York, their potential impact was severely diminished.

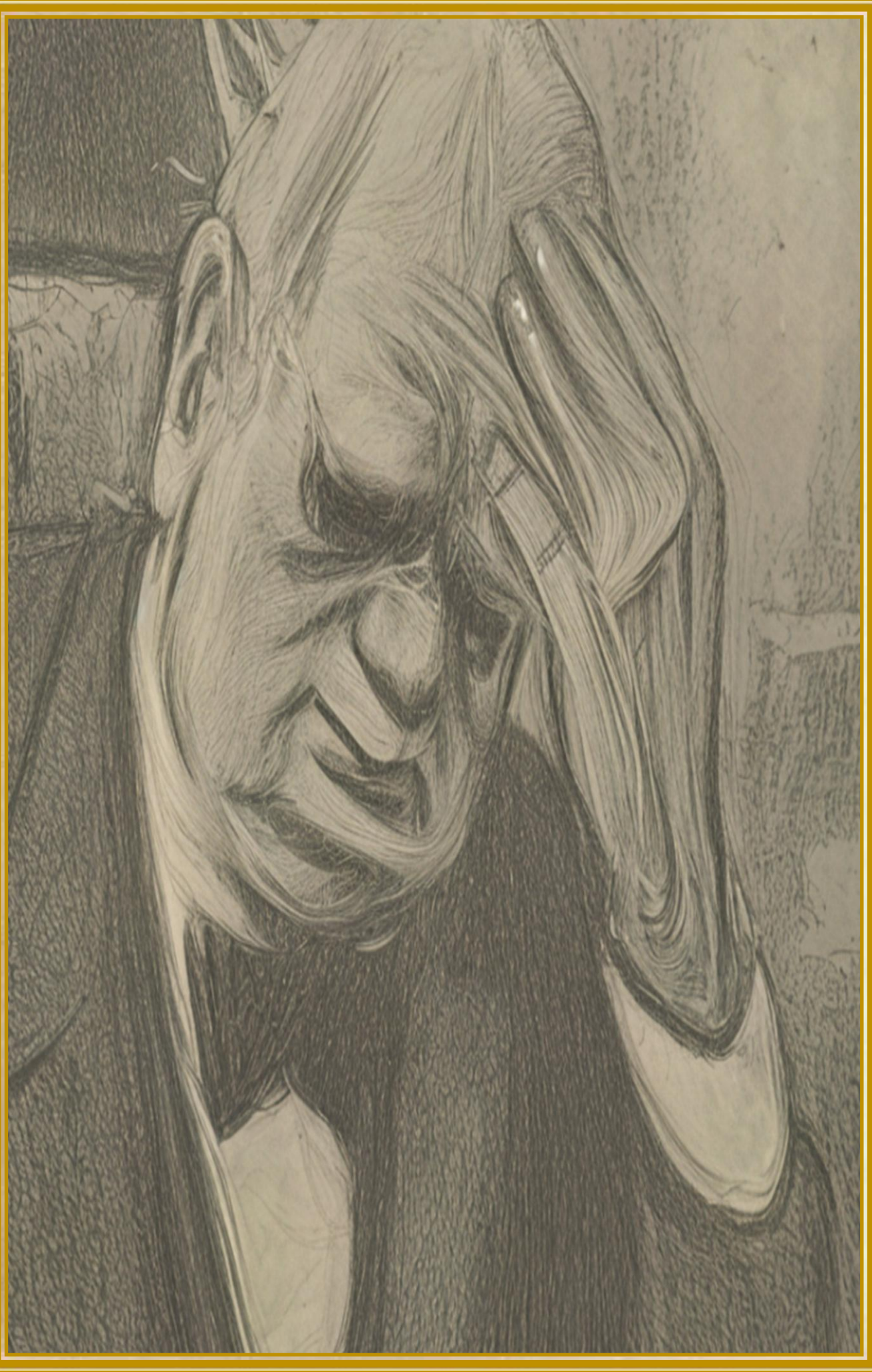
This realization compels us to reassess the historical narratives we have long accepted and to acknowledge the complexities of wartime technology and strategy that were often overlooked.

Far too complicated and complex a history lesson to debate here!

So, let me leave you with the assorted sketches of what I saw in and about Berlin after we returned from the collapse of French Indo-China and seeking to put Seine's real estate speculation program into play



(which I wrote extensively about in my book "Berlin Cafe").
As I explored the town, I unexpectedly encountered a couple of English gentlemen who had made this place their home.
Eric and Lance, as they introduced themselves, shared a harrowing tale of their capture by German forces during the battle of Tobruk.
They found themselves languishing in a makeshift POW camp in Sicily, where their spirits were low and their futures uncertain.
However, fate intervened when a young German official from the



Ministry of War Information approached them with an enticing proposition: a comfortable residence on the outskirts of Berlin and a generous pension in exchange for their participation in anti-war newsreels.

Faced with the grim alternative of potentially perishing in a labor camp, they eagerly accepted the offer, believing it to be a stroke of luck.

Fast forward to 1945, and the tides of war had shifted dramatically against their former benefactors.

I stumbled upon them in a quaint



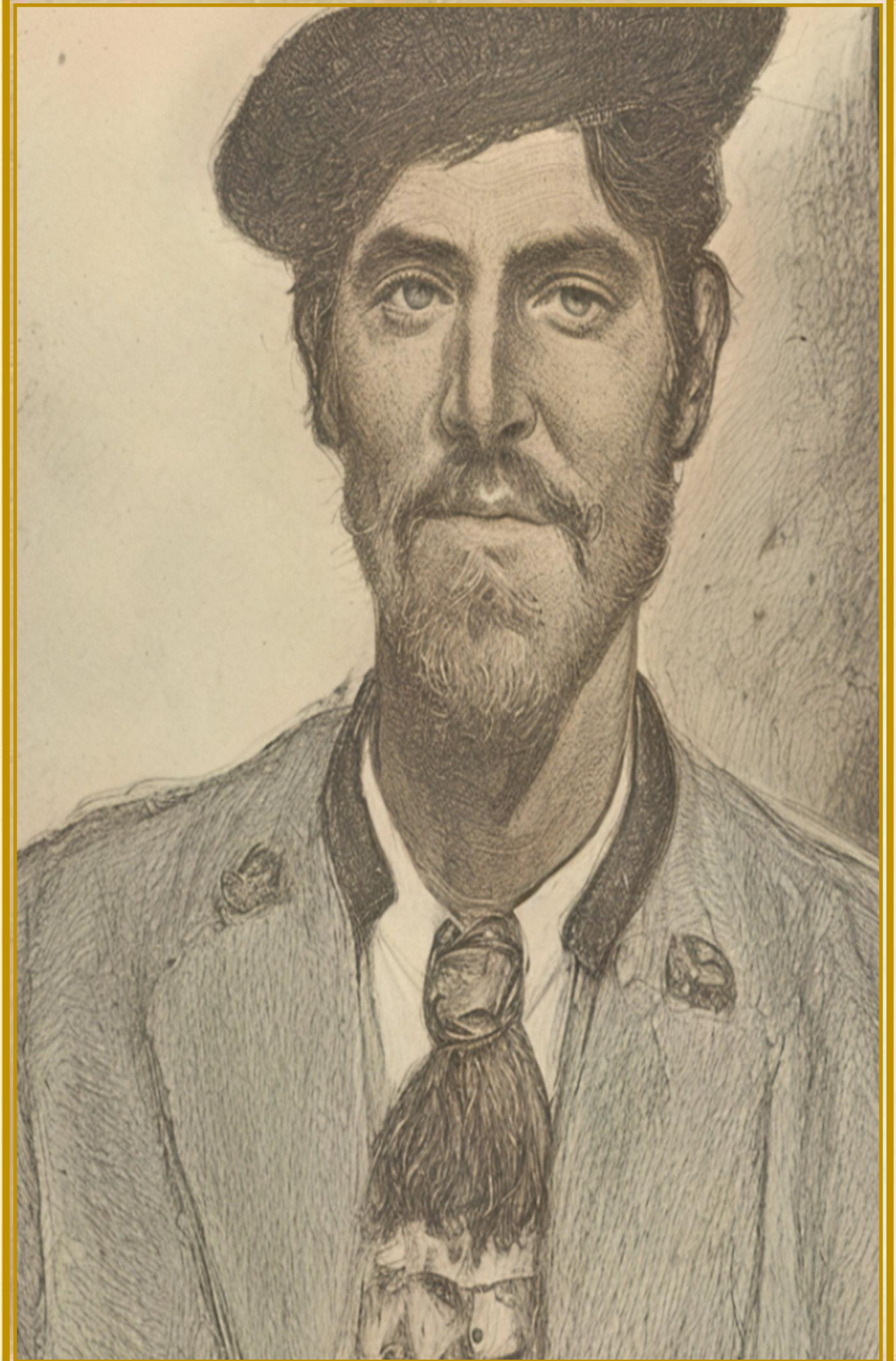
café, where they were engaged in a heated discussion about their next steps, weighing their options in a world that had changed beneath their feet.

As I listened to Eric's futile attempts to persuade Lance, he suggested that perhaps no one would recall the videos they had created, and that they could easily blend in with the other local English-speaking prisoners of war, remaining inconspicuous. I couldn't help but feel a twinge of sympathy for their predicament, wishing them the best of luck in their endeavor.

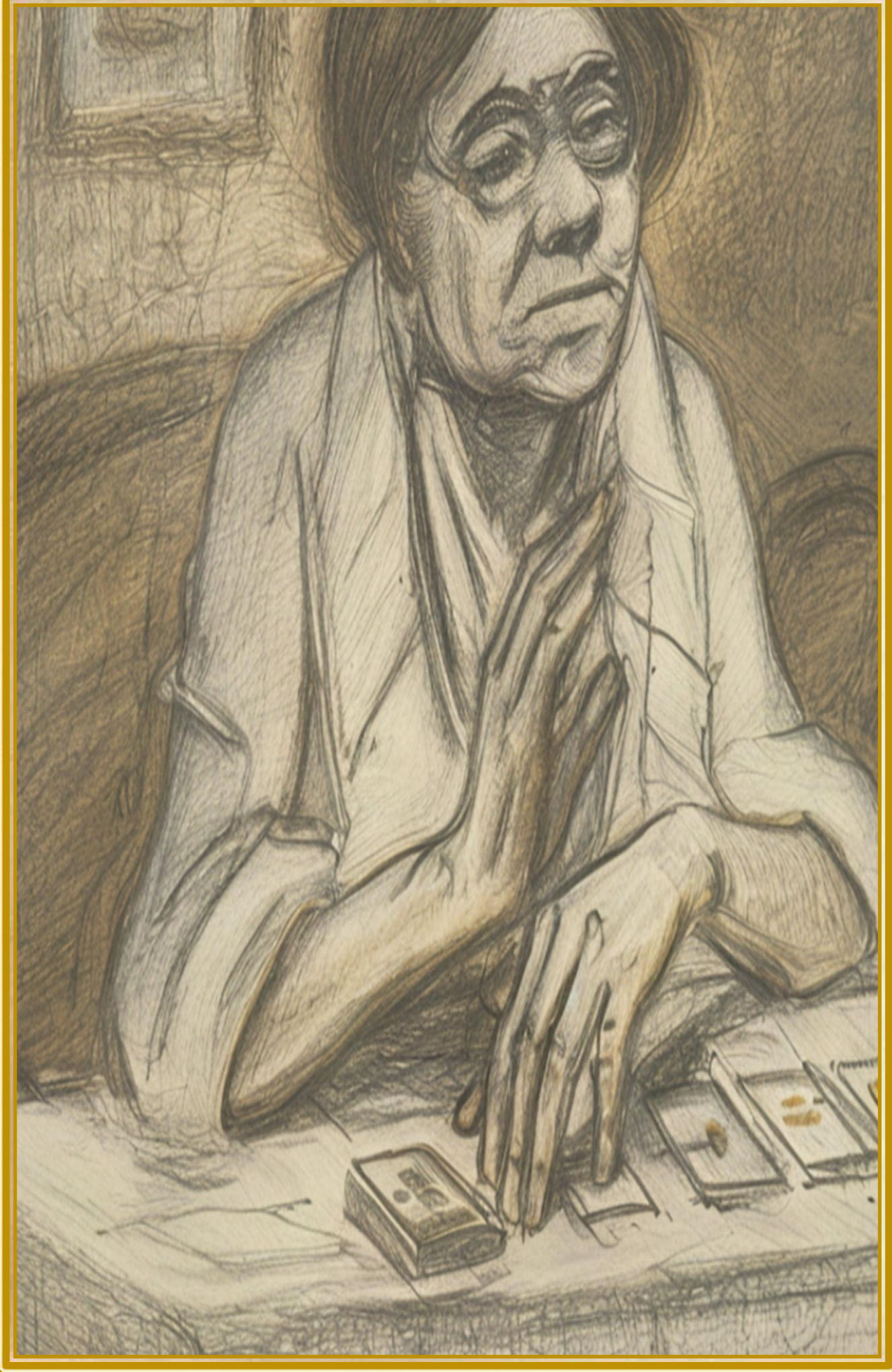
I subtly hinted that South



America could be a welcoming refuge, where English is spoken by many, before I took my leave. The thought of their potential escape to a place where they might find solace and anonymity lingered in my mind, underscoring the hope that sometimes, amidst chaos, there are still avenues for a fresh start. While visiting the local library, I encountered another individual who seemed out of place. Carlos, a dedicated soldier of the renowned Spanish Blue Brigade, had a storied past that included fighting alongside his Waffen SS comrades during their arduous



campaign across Russia.
He was currently awaiting travel documents from the Spanish Council in Berlin, which would allow him to return home.
As he recounted his experiences, his voice dropped to a whisper, revealing the weight of the memories he carried—particularly the sorrowful recollections of his fallen brothers who perished on that frigid night near Stalingrad.
Despite the heaviness of his tales, Carlos struck me as a genuinely kind-hearted person, and I sincerely wished him the best in his journey ahead.

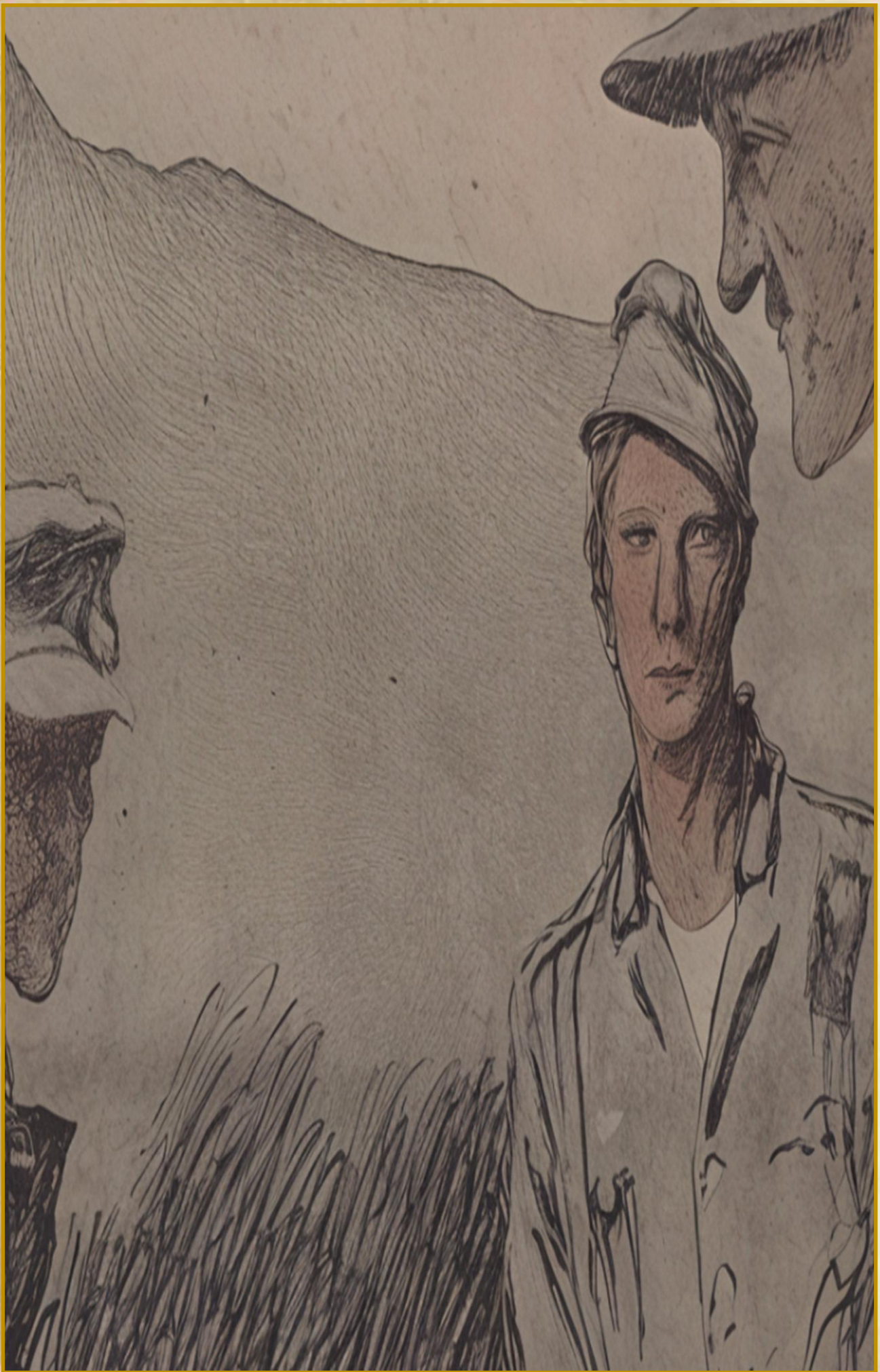


As I made my way back to the hotel, I stumbled upon an even more peculiar sight that piqued my curiosity.

There, I was introduced to the renowned Madam Monica, the town's celebrated fortune teller. She had established her fortune-telling parlor in the mid-1930s, where she became a fixture in the community.

With her mystical aura, she skillfully read the worn tarot cards and examined the lines of palms, all while serving a uniquely potent tea imported from her native Haiti.

The atmosphere was thick with



intrigue, as the aroma of the tea mingled with the air of mystery surrounding her predictions, drawing in both locals and travelers alike who sought a glimpse into their futures.
As a whimsical impulse, I decided to step inside and found Madam Monica seated alone at a prominent table, her gaze fixed on a spread of tarot cards.
Curiosity got the better of me, and I asked if she still practiced fortune-telling.
With a firm shake of her head, she replied, "No!" Intrigued,
I pressed for an explanation, and she lifted her eyes from the cards,

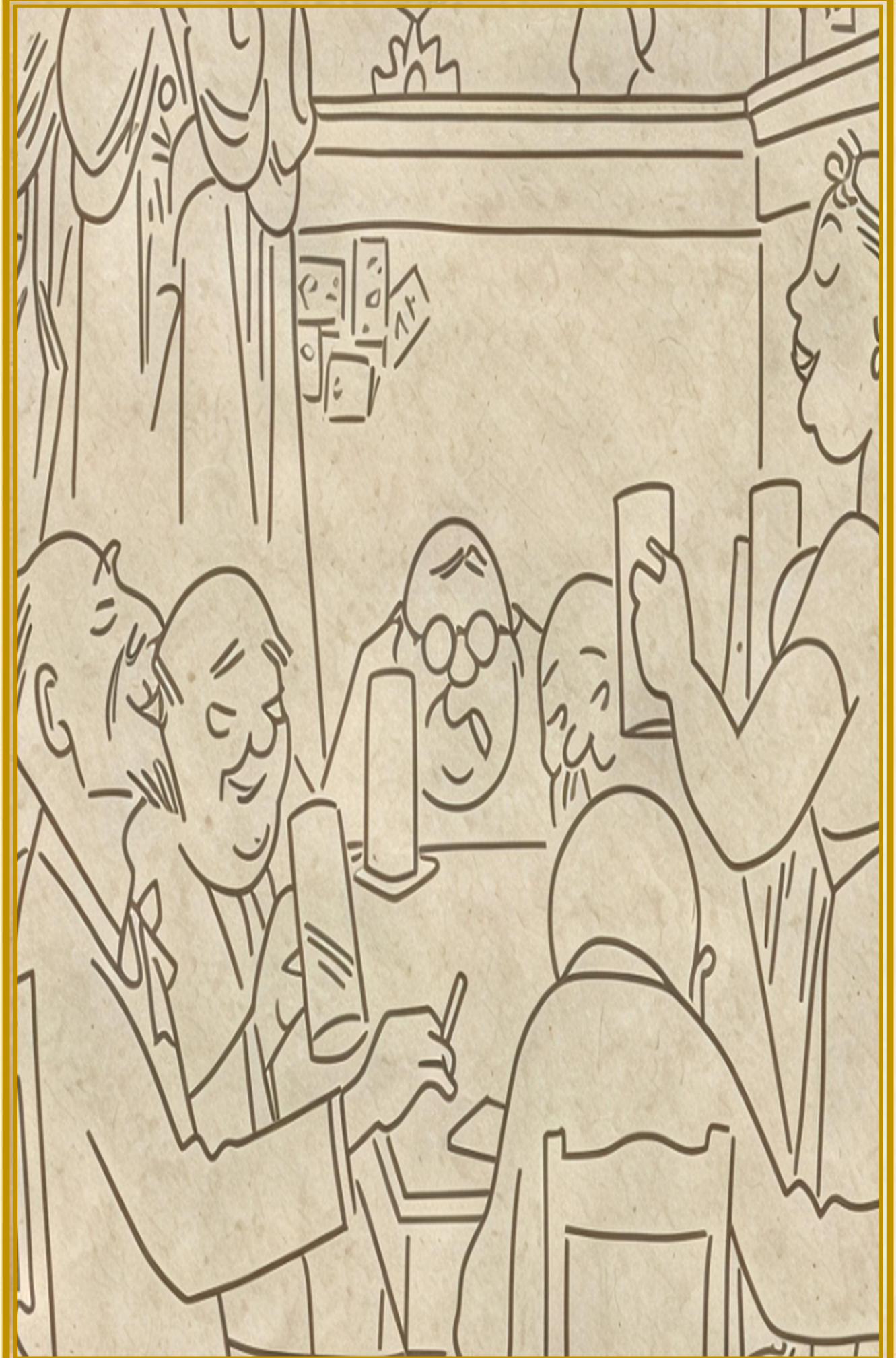


revealing a depth of sorrow in her expression.

She explained that she had chosen to abandon her craft because an alarming number of her younger clients consistently drew the death card.

The weight of this recurring theme had become too burdensome for her; it was a painful reminder that many of her patrons seemed to have bleak futures ahead.

The drama and sadness intertwined in their stories left her feeling disheartened, as she realized that her role as a seer had transformed into a harbinger



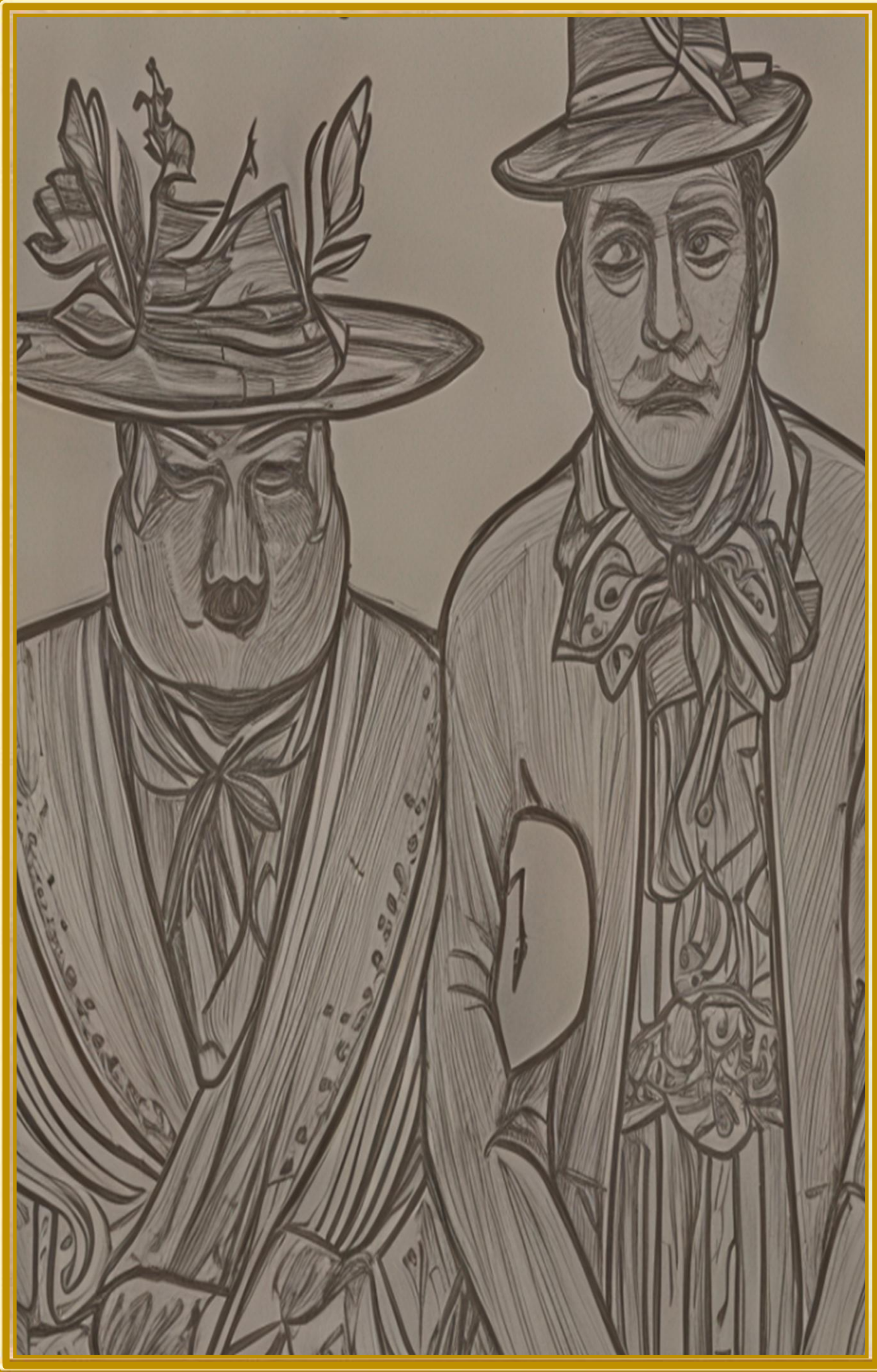
of despair rather than a source of hope.
Although I consider myself a man of the present, I have come to understand the importance of respecting the whims of fate and the unpredictable nature of fortune.
With this in mind, I expressed my gratitude to Madam Monica for her time and expertise, wishing her well in her endeavors.
However, I refrained from asking her to read my palms, adhering to the old adage that sometimes ignorance is bliss.
After all, there are certain truths about the future that may be



better left undiscovered, allowing me to navigate life with a sense of mystery and possibility rather than the constraints of foreknowledge.

Upon arriving at the hotel, I eagerly reunited with my new local companions at the bar, where we lost ourselves in the carefree atmosphere of the night, momentarily escaping the weight of our realities.

While this scene might seem like a fitting conclusion to my story, I must clarify, as a founding member of the Palmdale Chapter of the Jesuits of Truth, that the narrative requires a crucial



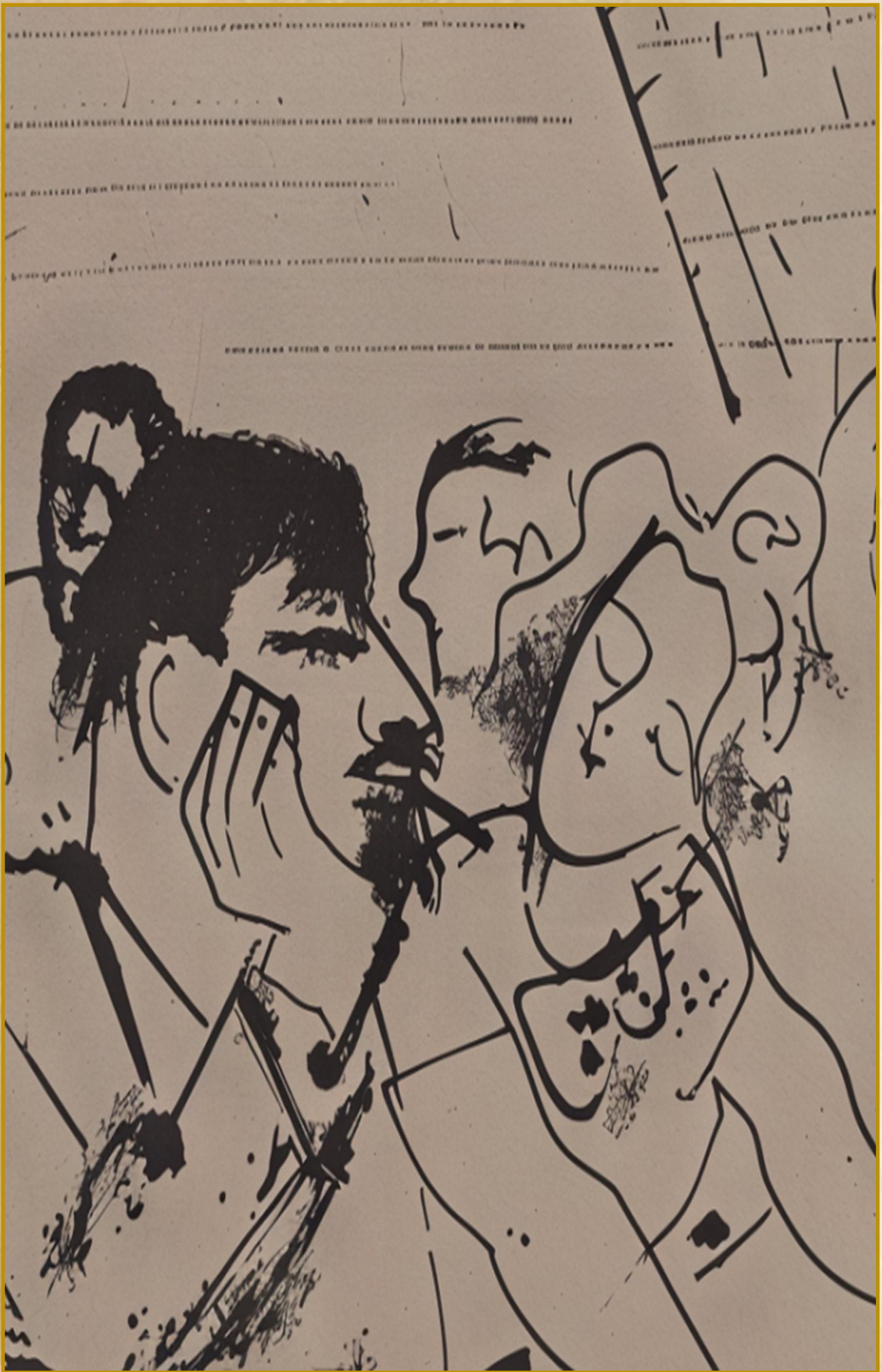
addendum.

he truth is, I left the bar earlier than anticipated, as Seine, Claudie, and I had an early appointment at the Reich Chancery of Commerce.

Our mission was to secure title deeds for the prime real estate we had acquired using German currency funds—an opportunity we cleverly seized by borrowing from the First Bank of Paris after the Germans had retreated from the city.

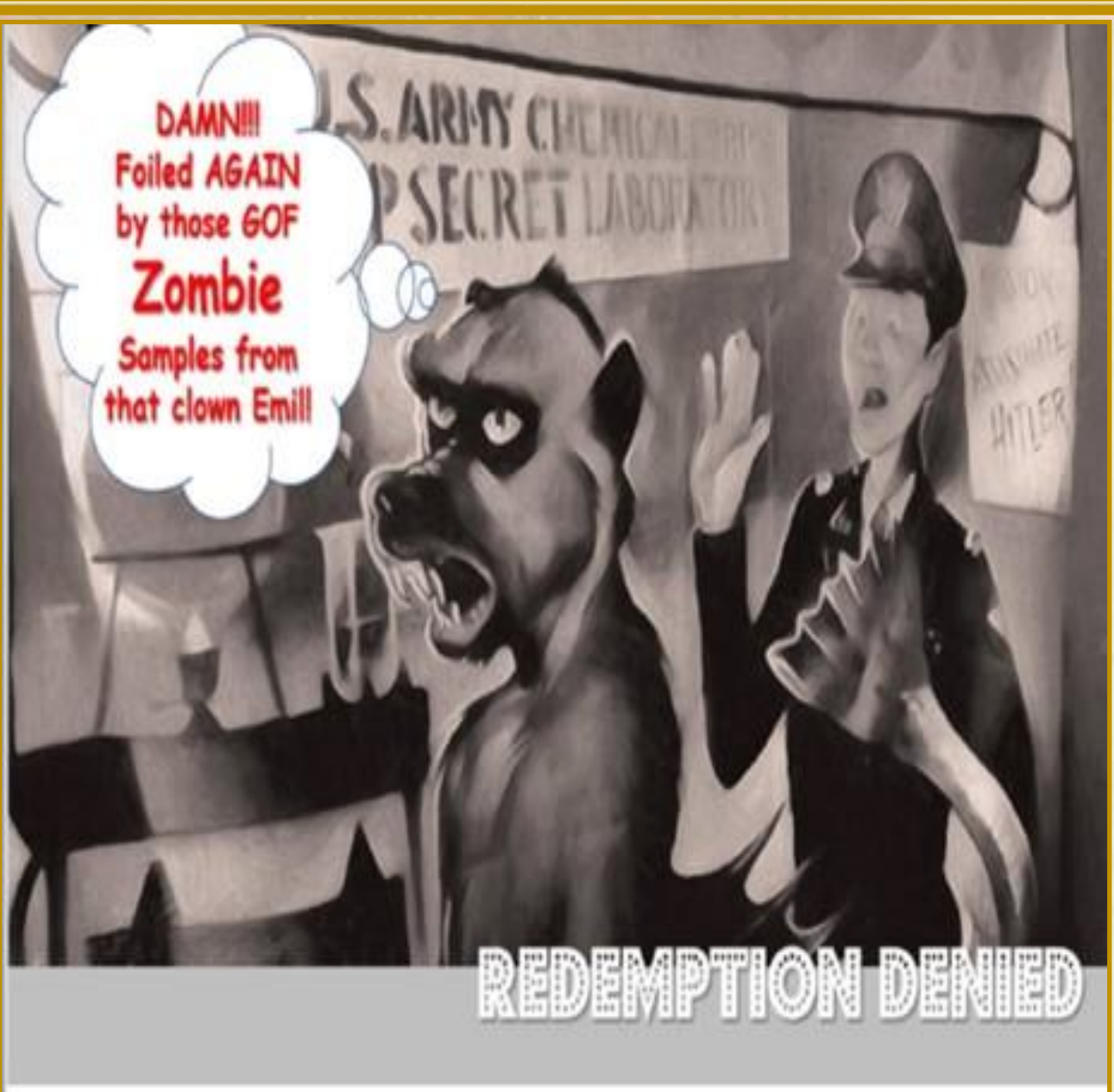
This is a long and intricate tale that I delve into more thoroughly in my book, “Berlin Café.”

However, the more pressing



reason for my early exit was my dwindling personal finances, which were ill-equipped to support a night of unrestrained revelry.

- Emil, 1945



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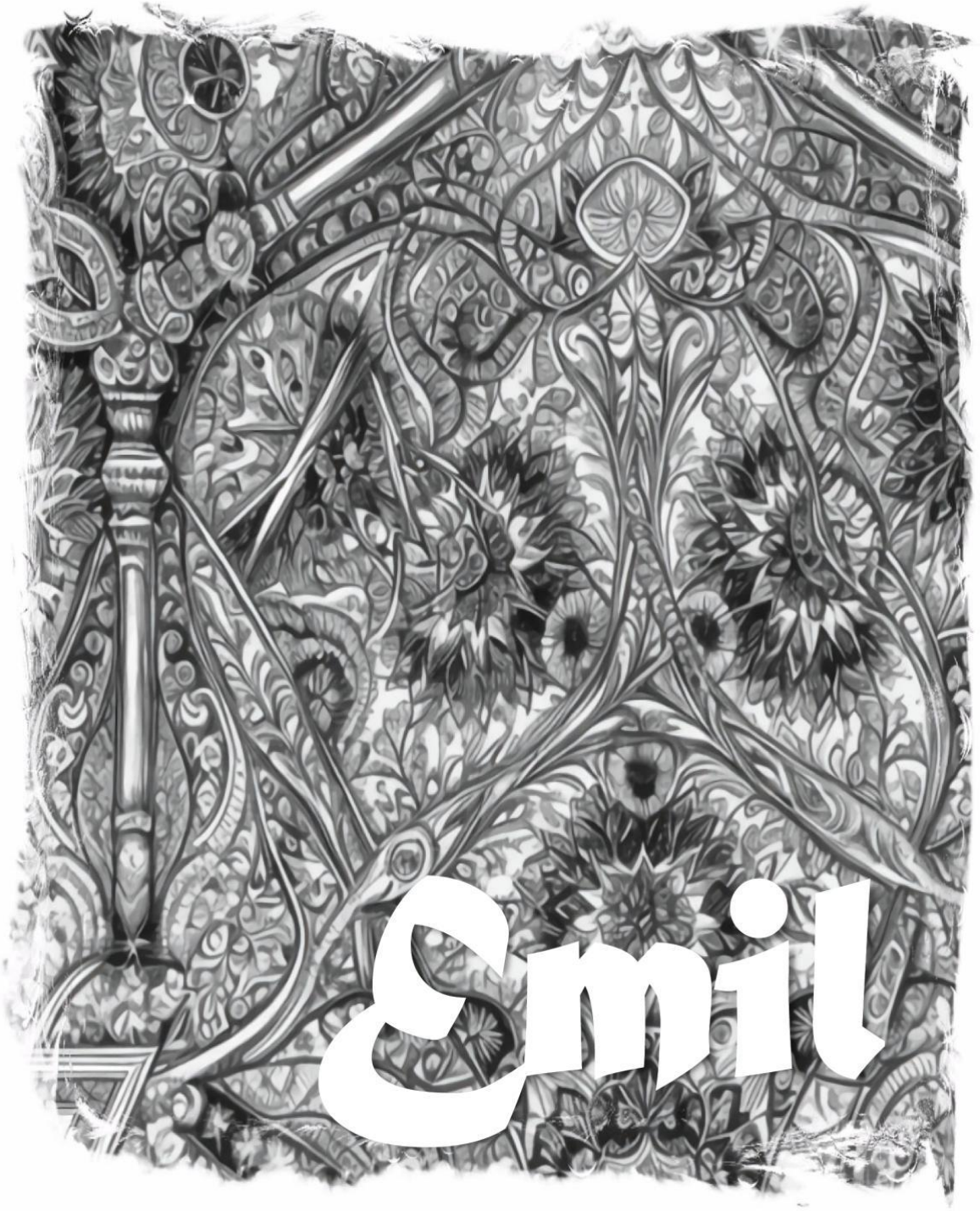
WHERE GENUINE
TRUTH RESIDES



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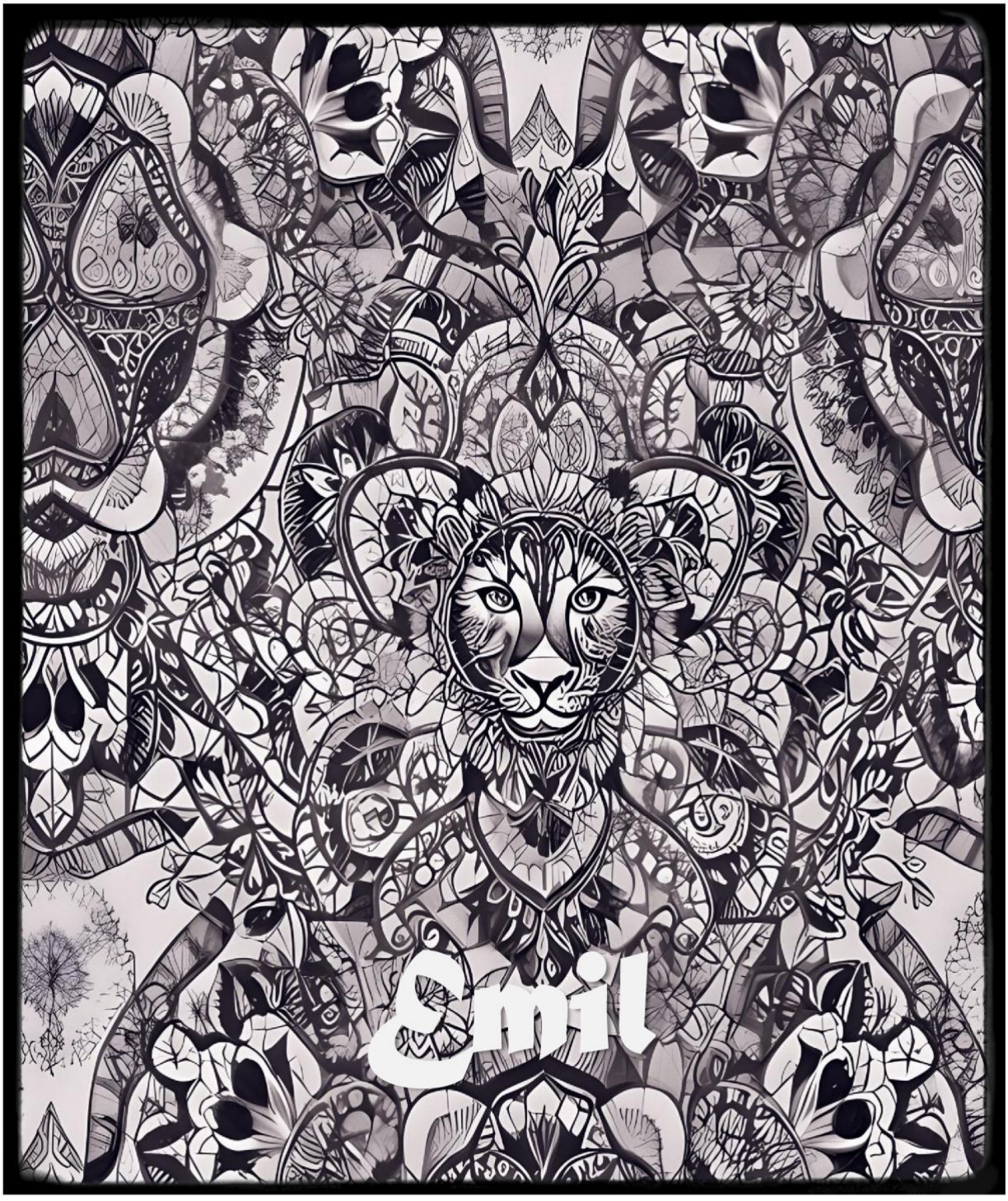
DIABLOS UND DIAMON



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BURBANK GOF SAMPLES



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THE FOLLY OF CHASING MY OLD FRIEND DEATH



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